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FORMER Progressives are gradually lining up in either the Democratic or Republican ranks. Although the majority of them rallied to Hughes, the Wilson minority is increasing rather than diminishing. It will receive certain conspicuous and valuable accessions during the next few weeks, many of whom will be determined in their choice by the offensive methods used at the meeting of the Progressive National Committee to force the endorsement of Mr. Hughes. But other reasons will prove to be increasingly persuasive. The Democrats have under Mr. Wilson's leadership become more genuinely progressive than they were in 1912. They can on their record make a stronger appeal to progressive opinion than they did four years ago. They have been assimilating the Progressivism which they condemned during the last campaign, just as their predecessors under Jefferson assimilated Federalism—although in both cases they neglected to square their ideas with their practice. In this way they have an advantage over their enemies, who have assimilated nothing and retracted nothing. The Republicans have merely nominated an able and upright man, and have

passed their difficulties on to him. Mr. Hughes is struggling with the problem, but he cannot be expected to meet for the present with any large measure of success. The two factions in the party, in so far as each still believes in what it said four years ago, are united only by the joint acceptance of his leadership and by a common distrust of the Democrats. If he is elected President he may succeed in getting them to agree upon some program of immediate action, but for the present he can hardly persuade them both to agree with sincere conviction upon a common statement of principles. The temptation will be, consequently, to take refuge in an anti-Wilsonism, which would be tantamount merely to postponing his difficulties until after his possible election. The Republican party will never be really reunited by waving an olive branch. Its leader must flourish and use a sword.

NOT even President Wilson's choice of words is infallible. He declares himself "old-fashioned" enough "to believe absolutely in the Virginia bill of rights which says that a people has the right to do anything they please with their own country and their own government." Old-fashioned is good, but antiquated or obsolete would be better. The doctrine, if it means anything at all, is one that would justify the Turks in their Armenian massacres, the Russians in their pogroms, Huerta in his assassination of Madero. Ruthless oppression of minorities, brutal disregard of international obligations, would be justified under it. If this is the principle underlying President Wilson's Mexican policy, it can be only by accident that that policy works toward the advance of civilization instead of toward its decadence. Of course the adherents of this obsolete doctrine always made certain mental reservations. They would have argued that it was not really the Turkish, the Russian or the Mexican people that were guilty of outrage and massacre, but tyrants, vile criminal usurpers of the people's rights. In such case intervention to save the people from their oppressors would have been held justifi-

able. But this puts us back where we were in the beginning. If we are justified in refraining from intervention in Mexico, it can not be because we recognize the right of any faction that happens to be in military control to do as it wills with the lives, the liberties and the possessions of those not in control, but because we have become convinced by careful inquiry and honest reflection that Mexico will sooner right herself, reestablish order and general happiness, without our intervention than with it.

MR. MATTHEW HALE of Boston is acting chairman of the Progressive National Committee. He has just issued a report to the Progressive delegates telling what happened at Chicago when Mr. Hughes was "endorsed." Read in the light of what the Progressive leaders said about the Republican National Committee of 1912, Mr. Hale's report is very damaging to the reputation of a good many Progressives. The "endorsement" was put through in high disregard of the party. Mr. Perkins actually discouraged the effort to consult the rank and file. In Alabama, Michigan, New Jersey, Virginia, either the delegates or the state organizations had officially declared against endorsement. But the national committeemen from these states voted to endorse. Tennessee declared against endorsement, its committeeman was not allowed to vote because of a technicality. In Minnesota and Louisiana the state organizations were almost certainly against endorsement, but the national committeemen voted for it. In Maryland and New York the wishes of the party were uncertain, but the committeemen voted to endorse. The whole movement to endorse was clearly carried out without the authority of the Progressive National Convention, and contrary to its spirit. Mr. Hale has done a brave and useful job in setting forth these facts. For there is something extraordinarily disheartening and sinister about the weak sense of trusteeship which animated the leaders of a party based on a "covenant with the people." No wonder that a Progressive delegate announced his retirement from politics by saying there were only three people in history worthy of admiration: "Barnum who said a fool was born every minute; Talleyrand who said words were meant to conceal ideas; and the Vanderbilt who said 'the public be damned.'"

GERMAN submarines have not been destroying many enemy merchant vessels of late, but they continue to shoot torpedoes into the existing structure of marine law. The arrival of a merchant submarine of German parentage in an American port raises several questions which will prove trying

to those international lawyers who would like some kind of order to prevail on the high seas during war. Not that there can be any doubt about the legal status of the *Deutschland*. The boat is clearly entitled to all the privileges of a peaceful trader in a neutral port. But just as the armed submarine cannot very well comply with the law of visit and search in destroying enemy commerce, so the merchant submarine provides poor material for the application of the same law by an enemy cruiser. There would be no satisfactory way of distinguishing between an offensively armed and an inoffensive submarine, and a cruiser which attempted to establish the character of the submarine before opening fire would be exposing itself to possible destruction. Nor is this all. Assuming that submersible merchant vessels are capable of being very much improved and that in some future war they can be used in large numbers, a wholly effective naval blockade of an enemy port becomes impossible. Although a nation like Germany could not presumably supply all its needs of foreign trade by submarine commerce, it could obtain certain essentials. In that event commerce between a belligerent who did not control the sea and neutrals could be stopped only with the consent of the neutrals themselves. It would necessarily become a political rather than a military instrument and would have to be used for justifiable political purposes.

THE arrival of the *Deutschland* is suggestive of trouble in the near as well as in the more remote future. Those Americans who complacently assume that the controversy between this country and Germany over the use of the submarine as a commerce destroyer is ended for the present war are blind. In all probability the German government does not propose to renew submarine warfare on commerce, except as a last resort, but it is far from having decided wholly to abandon such a powerful weapon. As M. Hanotaux pointed out recently, the construction of improved submarines must be proceeding at a rapid rate in Germany, and if they should be needed to prevent Germany from being obliged to submit to a disastrous treaty of peace, they will be used, we may feel sure, to the limit. Until the last couple of weeks the Allies had shown no indication of ability to crowd Germany to the wall, but the unexpected endurance and driving power of the Russian offensive have enormously improved their chances. If the Russian offensive can be sustained throughout the summer, Austria-Hungary may collapse, and Germany may be compelled to fight on a shorter line at or near her own border. Under such conditions she would probably use any and every weapon at her disposal. Her government has explicitly reserved the right to

resume the use of submarines in case no attempt is made by the United States to force Great Britain to observe the old rules. The military situation makes this threat look more ominous than it did.

AMERICAN public opinion is exhibiting its customary ability to protect itself against disagreeable and dangerous possibilities by ignoring them. When the German government agreed to suspend submarine warfare against commerce, but explicitly reserved the right to renew it under certain express conditions, Americans accepted the concession as a triumph of American diplomacy and promptly forgot the reservation. They assumed that the German government in making the reservation was merely trying to save its face and placate domestic opinion. The administration has done nothing and written nothing to convince Germany of its will or its ability to be neutral in the sense of enforcing the old rules against both belligerents, nor has anything it has done or written secured from Germany a repudiation of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It has no policy except of keeping out of trouble from day to day; and in this respect it is representative of prevailing American public opinion. The Republicans are perfectly willing to connive at the postponement and evasion of the troublesome controversies with the belligerents, because they have no alternative policy to propose or to advocate. The natural inertia of American opinion when confronted by problems with which it has not the resolution and the brains to deal is intensified by the expediency of saying little during a presidential campaign about politically unremunerative subjects. Yet anybody who knows the condition of German opinion in relation to the British blockade, and how intensely in earnest the Germans are in their conviction as to the injustice of the prevailing system of marine law, cannot but regard the future with foreboding. Only an early and satisfactory peace will prevent Germany from raising the questions again, and an early and satisfactory peace from the German point of view has become extremely improbable. Before the election is over President Wilson will hear from the Kaiser.

A DEMOCRATIC Congress has passed and a Democratic President has signed a bill appropriating \$85,000,000 to be distributed among the states for the encouragement of better roads. Democratic Presidents and Congresses are supposed to regard with the utmost abhorrence any attempt or any tendency to impair state political power and responsibility. Yet in passing this bill they have taken another long step towards the conversion of the state governments into subordinate and parasitic administrative agents in the carrying out of na-

tional policies. Roads are at the present time used almost entirely for local travel and as an assistance to the transaction of local business. One hundred years ago, before the railroads were built, a system of interstate roads would have helped enormously to promote general business; but one hundred years ago constitutional scruples prevented Democratic Presidents from signing bills, which proposed to build highways in whole or in part out of national funds. To-day when the railroads have become the indispensable instruments of interstate travel and highways are used largely for local traffic, they acquiesce in such appropriation without a murmur or an apparent scruple. THE NEW REPUBLIC is not afraid of centralization, but we do not like this instance of it. The states are fully able to build adequate highways. It is rather too absurd for the state governments to insist upon treating the railroads as, to a very considerable extent, subject to state regulation, while at the same time demanding and securing national aid for the construction of state highways. Like all decaying institutions the state governments are jealous of an infringement of their power and callous as to its responsibilities.

VILLA may still be alive—although reports of his reincarnation come chiefly through those who have a vested interest in the continuance of Mexican disorder. If he is alive, the probabilities are that the Carranzista commanders will remain inactive until he has assembled forces sufficient to dispute the control of northern Mexico and to menace our borders once more. The case seems to be one calling for a new endeavor to secure effective military coöperation between the Mexican forces and our own. Why is it not practicable to send into Villa's territory a joint expedition from Trevino's and Pershing's forces? The Mexican arm could supply the legitimacy of the expedition and the American arm could supply the shooting power. Grant that at the outset Carranza could not have coöperated with the United States without losing face. In the late exchange of threats he must have proved to his people his innocence of secret subserviency to American interests and American opinion. Real coöperation now would be politically possible and might well place the relations between the two countries on a more friendly footing than has ever obtained hitherto.

IN a review of Dr. David Jayne Hill's new book, "Americanism: What It Is," the *New York Times* says: "The doctor protests against arousing unrest by fomenting the delusion that more is earned than received, and error that there is any place for the expropriation of success for the relief of failure in a free republic." Here we have im-

plied the shortest possible explanation of distribution in this country—what is earned is received and what is received is earned. Try it on the envious poor who come from their tenements on hot evenings to deserted "residential" districts, and who stare rather oddly at the large empty houses near park or river or lake. Approach these envious poor and whisper soothingly, "What is earned is received and what is received is earned." Try the same formula on laborers about to strike. Say it to yourself when inequalities worry you, and repeat it again and again until conscience stops her noise. So long as what is received is earned and what is earned is received, who can doubt that all is for the best in the squarest-dealing of free republics?

ORGANIZATIONS such as the National Education Association, whose successful meeting in New York has recently ended, are coming to occupy an unexpectedly important place in American national life. They are becoming the vehicle whereby Americans meet for joint deliberation. They constitute the gatherings at which public opinion is formed, public questions ventilated, and an essential specific interest or profession adjusted to its task in the national economy. The historian of the future, as he surveys the modifications in American political institutions during the past and the coming half century, will remark the slow but inexorable decline of one group of representative institutions and the corresponding building up of another. The legislatures are ceasing to have any representative value, and are ceasing to exercise any formative effect on public opinion. They are being poisoned by a kind of political corruption which they have neither the will nor the ability to correct. The work which they once performed is being passed on to great national organizations of teachers, social workers, business and professional men, farmers and trades-unionists. These organizations are the germinating centers of American opinion; they initiate the new programs and put a quietus on the old ones. For the present they do this work unofficially, but eventually they will be recognized in the official organization as the really representative members of our political body.

THE lockout in the garment industry of New York has reached the stage of direct conference between the unions and the manufacturers. This much the employers have yielded in response to an overwhelming public opinion expressed through Mayor Mitchel. The reason for the concession, such as it is, lies in the approach of the busy season and in a threatened rump by about a hundred of the more intelligent manufacturers. But the fundamental denseness of their leadership per-

sists. The public is not to be represented in the adjustment. On Tuesday at the first conference matters of wages and hours were more or less satisfactorily adjusted, but the employers stood firm against any instrument for organizing peace in the industry. They have rejected even the idea of a Board of Standards to take rates out of the higgles of individual shops. This is the crucial point, for it means that they demand a return to the thoroughgoing anarchy which preceded the protocol. They are opposed to every device which would regularize and control the individualism of the industry. In the meantime money is still required for the strikers. Even the most temporary adjustment will not begin to bring in wages until the twenty-second of July.

THERE was nothing new in Secretary McAdoo's employment of federal deposits to increase the credit accommodations to holders of cotton. Other secretaries had often used their discretionary control of deposits to come to the relief of Wall street. And if we look beyond our own borders, we see the principle of governmental intervention in the private financial mechanism almost everywhere employed in time of crisis. Thus Brazil rescued her coffee producers from bankruptcy, a decade ago. Thus Chile, at the outbreak of the war, helped to tide her nitrate industry over a period of frightful demoralization. What England, France and Germany have done to maintain the integrity of the price structure under the shock of war would require a volume for narration. The experience of the world seems to show that the motives of private finance are adequate for the control of the economic process only in time of fair weather. In time of stress statesmanship must assume the helm. Secretary McAdoo deserves great credit for recognizing and applying this principle. Less was to be expected from him, in view of the party tradition of negative economic policies upon which his thinking has been formed.

NOTHING is known about the pathology of infantile paralysis, but the statistics of the epidemic tell an old and terrible story. It is the poor who suffer from it. Where living conditions are worst and wages lowest, the prevalence is greatest. It is the poor who can protect themselves least, and though the curse spreads into other classes, and seizes isolated victims here and there, the moral is only too dreadfully clear. To be poor is not only to want year in year out, to suffer injustice, to be disregarded, it is to be peculiarly open to all the ravages of war and disease which afflict humanity. But the worst of poverty is the docility it creates. The poor endure what better placed people would end. Their meekness is their curse.

Financial Aid for Carranza

UNDER provocation that would have sufficed any other great Power as a pretext for war and conquest, we have persevered in our resolution to refrain from serious military intervention in Mexico. So far, good; we are proved less grasping than other nations. But demonstration to ourselves and to the world of our own virtues is of merely negative value. More blood may be shed, more monstrous iniquities practised, just because of our virtuous aloofness, if we must remain aloof.

Plainly, if we are treating with Carranza, attempting to coöperate with him, endeavoring to protect his political prestige, we are working on the assumption that the best chance for peace and order in Mexico lies in the success of the Carranza government. Otherwise we have no standing in any other than a purely negative morality. And if we are reposing our hopes in Carranza, it is our business to exert ourselves to support him in every way consonant with his honor and our own.

There can be no dispute as to where the chief weakness of the Mexican government lies. It is in the national finances. It is because of the weakness of the national treasury that all business relations in Mexico are disturbed by a fluctuating paper currency. With such a medium of exchange an element of violence is likely to enter into even the simplest transactions. The miserable tortilla vender dare not refuse the national currency, uncertain as she is what it will buy. The prosperous merchant knows that he must play a game of craft, in the presence of such a currency, or he will soon find himself among the disinherited. The soldiers, paid in paper that no one may want, become habituated to throwing their swords into the scales of bargaining. "The Villistas," it is commonly said in North Mexico, "robbed the rich. The Carranzistas rob the poor." And this is indeed inevitable, given the conditions attendant upon a worthless currency.

Mexico further requires money for restoring its national railways. Little by little the rolling stock is wearing out. Gradually, flimsy temporary structures are replacing the bridges destroyed by revolution or by force of nature. Deterioration of permanent way and other structures is not being made good. This may mean little to states in the south where the round of production and consumption is practically self-sufficing. But all through the north a stoppage of transportation means unemployment, famine, and the stimulation of brigandage. Mexico needs money for the relief of communities now on the verge of desperate want. It needs money for the inauguration of enterprises that will give work and set in motion the process of weaning men from idleness and disorder.

Indeed, the problems involved in reorganizing Mexico without money are so nearly insuperable that we can fairly say that no real test has been made of the strength or weakness of the Carranza government. In a similar financial plight Diaz would quickly have lost his reputation as a "strong man." Huerta, with all his ruthlessness and reputed strength, failed for want of adequate means, although he had more available sources to draw upon than Carranza has had. Carranza may be a more promising administrator than most Americans assume. That is plainly the hypothesis underlying the Washington policy. Give Carranza a fair financial footing, and we may see Mexico pacify itself.

There is a popular impression that Carranza is too stiff-necked to follow the only course that promises immediate rehabilitation; the raising of a loan in the United States. Negotiations with American bankers have been opened more than once, but they have fallen through. What does the public know of the nature of these negotiations? Nothing at all; but it is a safe surmise that the American bankers demanded something besides security of principal and adequacy of interest. The bankers who would be most likely to enter upon such negotiations are those of the group that formerly worked in close relation with the Científicos. Would they have failed to grasp the opportunity to make more or less imperative suggestions as to the validation of certain property rights that it was an object of the revolution to extinguish?

If the American government wishes to contribute to the restoration of order under Carranza, it will not limit itself to bringing about negotiations between Carranza and the bankers who are most bitterly opposed to him. Through conferences with the Mexican government it will learn how much money is required, and for what purposes, and endeavor to determine just what conditions as to security of principal and rate of interest would be sufficient to attract the American investor. The loan contract itself would contain no terms, expressed or implied, except those relating to security of principal and rate of interest. It is highly improper for private investors and financial agencies to go beyond these purely financial factors in an international transaction. The government, on the other hand, would very properly avail itself of the occasion to advance a sane political policy in Mexico. We can not lend money to Mexico for the purchase of arms and ammunition. We can not extend a loan under conditions so loose that the funds will become the prey of political adventurers. This means that we should have to exercise a certain amount of supervision over the expenditure of the funds raised through a loan. And if candid investigation proves that there are legitimate property interests of our

citizens that are threatened with confiscation our government might with entire propriety indicate their validation as a condition upon which a loan could be extended.

Anything like a loan such as this, it may be urged, would be offensive to a free nation and would be doomed to failure. This is to disregard altogether the history of international lending. France has not loaned money to Russia without affixing political conditions. Loans to Italy, the Balkan states and the more settled Latin-American states have also usually been attended by conditions of a political character. The international loan is a recognized and legitimate instrument of political policy. If we have a political policy in Mexico, other than the baneful negation of hands off, it is our business to find out whether we can not realize it through financial means. Otherwise we may sooner or later be forced to adopt a policy that can be realized only through arms.

Points of Honor

WHOEVER has lived in America this last year and a half must have felt the force of the warning in the "Revolutionist's Handbook" that "there are no honorable men" and that "every true man has one point of honor and a few minor ones." We have learned to recognize at least two major classes of honor, one turned outward, the other inward. There are people who vibrate instantly to an affront committed by a foreigner and there are some who are much more sensitive to injuries within our own borders. Take for example the cases of the Lusitania and the Eastland. Almost everyone at first reacted with horror to both of them. But the Eastland was soon forgotten, except by the poor of Chicago, and we venture to say that many a reader of this essay will have a momentary difficulty in recalling what the Eastland disaster was. The ship turned turtle and killed more Americans than perished on the Lusitania. The Lusitania case was considered a cause for war by a very powerful and respectable minority of Americans; the Eastland was considered a cause for a half dozen futile investigations, and the same people who held memorial meetings demanding that the Lusitania be avenged feel almost no sense of honor about the Eastland. They feel dishonored as Americans over the inaction of our government as regards the Lusitania, but they do not feel dishonored by inaction as regards the Eastland.

Much of the wrangle between so-called pacifists and so-called men of honor turns on a distinction of this sort. Only a fool supposes that people like

Jane Addams, Alice Hamilton and Paul Kellogg are less sensitive than the organizers of the Navy League or the founders of Plattsburg. They have given their lives to the defense of the nation. But that they are sensitive to a different code is clear. They seem to care less about the crimes done to us than about the crimes we ourselves commit. They seem to think that an injury received from a Mexican in Tampico dishonors America less than an injury committed by Americans upon Mexican miners in let us say Arizona. The reformers with a pacifist bent tend to feel that the honor of a democracy is chiefly concerned with the decency of self-government; their critics act on the theory that crime within our borders is one of the prerogatives of self-government. One thinks that self-government is a moral responsibility involving all major points of honor; the other relegates this responsibility to a minor place, and is most active about the honor of our relations to Germans, Japanese and Mexicans.

This difference has produced many interesting paradoxes. It has produced the man who conducts a feudal mining camp in America, and is prepared to sacrifice a million Englishmen to overthrow feudalism in Prussia. It has shown us the women who will knit for the Belgians in Belgium, though they regard the Belgian weavers of Lawrence, Massachusetts, as a peril to civilization; will organize bazaars and collect money for Serbs in Serbia, and thank God that the militia will suppress them in Colorado; will cheer the great battle between democracy and autocracy in Europe, and think it part of the order of nature that their husbands should vote for Mr. Penrose in Pennsylvania. There is something here which needs explaining. It is difficult to see why the same people admire Liebknecht and fear Debs, or why there is almost no sympathy among them for those Englishmen who are trying to preserve some of the English liberties for which Englishmen are dying. One might wonder how many of these people, had they been born Germans, would have joined the Social Democrats in the long struggle to save Europe, or how they would have distinguished in Germany between thoroughgoing preparedness and militarism, between Germany first and Deutschland über alles, between undiluted Germanism and the forcible assimilation of Poles, Alsatians and Danes, between the honor of Austria in the face of Serbian conspiracy and the poltroonery of being too proud to fight.

There must be some way of making these distinctions because so many honorable people make them, and there cannot be a basis for the charge that autocracy in the distance is worse than autocracy at home, that it matters most who the auto-

crat is, that you yourself are never so bad an autocrat as the other fellow. There must be a fundamental difference between Hearst and Bernhardt, between the Deutsche Bank reaching out for Turkey, and the American banks reaching out for China and Mexico. But the annoying thing about these pacifist reformers is that they don't see these important differences. Cowards and asses that they are, they hate a lynching in Texas as much as an atrocity in Belgium, and having fed the Belgian children they want to feed American children. They don't understand why a country which is rich enough to spend billions on armament is too poor to provide enough schools. They are very unenlightened. They don't see why a gentleman who will dig ditches and peel his own potatoes at Plattsburg needs twenty servants at Newport, nor why it is right to tax Englishmen within an inch of their lives to establish liberty in Germany, and criminal class legislation to tax Americans in order to establish democracy in the United States.

Some day some one will learn better. Perhaps it will be the reformers. When that day comes they will know that though a sense of honor is mysterious in its origin, it is simple in its application. They will give up the fetish of consistency, that quality of small minds. They will realize that to reason about honor is a destructive business, that it is theirs not to ask why, but to be red-blooded men, who do and die.

The Business Man in Office

IF business men in the public service are to justify their use of business technique and business ideals they must do it on other grounds than those brought forward by Mr. Jacob M. Loeb, President of the Chicago Board of Education, at the National Education Association convention last week. Otherwise business ideals in the public service will constitute as distinct a menace as the evil politics which they purport to supersede. For Mr. Loeb chose to make himself spokesman for that least enlightened and least intelligent section of the manufacturing and commercial class in this country which makes the destruction of unionism its chief aim and glory. Mr. Loeb's address breathed threatenings and slaughter against teachers' unions in the schools. But it was clear that he was only expressing the implacable enmity towards labor and the claims of labor which marks the successful business man of the class with whom he is affiliated in Chicago. The campaign against the Teachers' Federation took on the form of a weapon in a larger war.

For the Chicago Federation of Teachers has been long in the public eye as one of the most in-

telligent, aggressive and troublesome of Illinois's labor bodies. Its long struggle has been followed with intense interest by both the educational and the labor worlds. It has stood consistently for broader issues than its own aggrandizement. It aroused the hatred of the public-service corporations by forcing the disgorging of unpaid taxes; it fought the commercial interests that were back of the scheme for a dual system of vocational education; it has lobbied for progressive political measures in the legislature. It has not only been on the firing line in the defense of teachers against exploitation, but it has made itself formidable as an ally of organized labor. It has consequently had to meet the reprisals which were inevitable in so bitter and protracted a class struggle.

Mr. Loeb's address was coincident with the Board's latest coup in its relentless war on the Federation. The famous "Loeb Rule No. 1" of last year, forbidding membership of teachers in any organization affiliated with labor bodies had come flat against the permanent injunction of the courts. "Loeb Rule No. 2," striking out the "meritorious service" clause in the rules of the Board, was passed last month over the protest of civic organizations and public-spirited citizens of Chicago. This move took away at a blow the protection which competent teachers had had for twenty-five years. It made the elections of teachers again a matter of political spoils.

The next move of the Board showed how the business principles of Mr. Loeb worked out in actual practice. At the annual election of teachers, June 27th, reelection was refused to sixty-eight teachers, including thirty-nine officers and active members of the Federation. The revision of the rules had been defended by the president's partisans on the ground that it made easier the dismissal of inefficient teachers. Of the sixty-eight who were refused reelection only twenty were rated as inefficient. None of these was a member of the Federation. On the other hand, the teachers on the list who were rated "excellent" were almost without exception members and officers of the Federation. In other words, business principles worked for the virtual dismissal from the service of thirty-nine teachers, who were considered not only efficient but "excellent" by the Board's own appointed superintendent and his staff. The case against the Board could hardly be clearer. In his address at New York, Mr. Loeb laid down the principle that "it is true that the business man is not qualified to arrange the curriculum or to select school teachers. These things are not the functions of any persons or power other than those of trained educators, the general superintendent of schools and his staff." All the sixty-eight teachers had been recommended

for reelection by the superintendent. Mr. Loeb himself assumed personal responsibility for the list of teachers refused reelection. He thus violated that very principle which he had the audacity to outline the next week in his address at the convention.

Only one conclusion can be drawn—that the teachers were dropped because they were officers and members of the Federation. The repeal of the "meritorious service" clause had prepared the way. The application of "business principles" to school administration had therefore resulted in the punishment of the Federation and the throwing of the entire list of teaching positions into the political whirlpool. Mr. Loeb talked about destroying the power of the corrupt politician "through the participation of honest, capable and independent business men." Where "business" is made synonymous with "anti-unionism" this is the way Mr. Loeb's ideals work out in practice. His address was unfortunately applauded by a gathering of lay school-board men from all over the country. Now business men may honestly dislike trade unions, and consider them dangerous to society. But when business men enter the public service they are not justified in using their new official power to destroy the organization of teachers, even though they are affiliated with trade unions. To manipulate boards of education so as to strike a blow at organized labor, using patronage as a tool, is to be as mischievous as the most wicked professional politician. Such a policy demoralizes the whole service, and it is incredible that school-board men in other cities should find anything in the Chicago experience to imitate or applaud. For this sort of warfare is exactly what creates the last needed justification for teachers' unions. Mr. Loeb righteously proclaims that teaching is a profession and not a trade. Like many business men he has "no quarrel with trade unions properly conducted and in their proper place." Mrs. Young, answering his speech at the convention, told how she had been converted to the affiliation of the teachers with organized labor. Facing the crude raw manipulation of power by school boards of politicians and "business men," the teachers found that their only strength would be in votes. The political power of "the labor vote" had to be behind their demands.

Teaching is in truth a profession, but school boards may degrade it to the level of a low-skilled trade. People have the economic status they are treated as having, and if boards continue to treat teachers according to rudimentary principles of "hiring and firing" at lowest wages, teachers then find themselves in the same economic rôle as other exploited wage-earners, and have the same justification and indeed moral urgency to organize for

defense. To the employing mind, this turns teaching into "a sordid, salary-grabbing and self-seeking occupation." But if teachers organize to prevent the breaking-down of their salaries they may also use the organization to raise their professional standards. The members of the Federation upon whom the recent war was made were the best teachers, not the worst. The inefficient teachers were outside the "union."

It is true that the organization of teachers may produce a narrow professional spirit which is no more than jealousy for a vested right, and narrow selfish aggrandizement for the group. This is a spirit that teachers' organizations have sometimes shown. Wherever a school system is in politics and teachers' positions are "spoils," politicians and the teachers themselves may scramble as desperately as any other kind of office-seekers. But it is just this situation which such a policy as that of the Chicago Board will inevitably produce. Whatever attacks the organization or attempts to squeeze the teachers economically forces them into this fight for existence. The best teachers' unions, however, will also find energy to put into the cultivation of a real professional spirit which emphasizes the art and significance of the work rather than the livelihood, raises the professional standards, and secures for teachers a share in the management of the schools. Any teachers' union whose aims are less than these deserves the onslaughts of its enemies.

Business men like Mr. Loeb, however, attack the unions not because they have not had this creative professional spirit but because they have shown it too well. Such men use their power over their "employees" to punish economic heresy. The sooner this type of business man leaves the public service the better.

The New REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion*

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The Byzantine Dream

A PSYCHOLOGIST familiar with the methods of Dr. Freud might write one day an extremely entertaining study of the part which certain romantic "dreams" have played in the imperial policy of all the greater European nations. Ours in England is, of course, the Indian dream. It comes to every schoolboy about the age when he first reads of Clive and Hastings, and steepes himself in the Anglo-Indian atmosphere of "The Newcomes." It works in our policy like a Freudian dream with its domineering sub-conscious suggestion, so that the ultimate explanation of what we do or refrain from doing east of Gibraltar is always "India." The somnambulist seems on a careless view to feel his hesitating way, guided only by an opportunist policy, going to Egypt under the stress of a financial crisis, allying himself to Japan amid a Chinese anxiety and partitioning Persia with an eye to the navy's oil-supplies. There is always some immediate conscious reason for what he does, and that reason in Egypt or Persia or the Far East may seem to be purely local. But watch him closely and you will remark that the somnambulist all the while was dreaming the Indian dream.

Egypt, Persia and Mesopotamia are for him "the road to India," as Gibraltar and the Cape, Malta and Cyprus were in former days. The Japanese alliance evolves very promptly into a re-insurance treaty which guarantees the Indian dream. Our friendships and our enmities follow the same law. Our ultimate fear of Germany, like our ancient dread of Napoleon—and in the nineteenth century of Russia—is simply that her ambition may one day lead her via Bagdad to India.

What is true of us is equally true of the continental peoples. France dreamed of Syria and for a time of Egypt, ever since the moralist and traveller Volney published his "Voyage en Syrie" in the early days of the Revolution. The German dream of Mesopotamia seems to date from the restoration by archæologists of the empires of Nineveh and Babylon. The Russian dream which answers to our Indian motive is, of course, the possession of Constantinople. The psychologist of Freud's school would show its many disguises, and its sub-conscious strategy. Now it promotes the fraternal interest in the Slav peoples of the Balkans. Again it assumes a religious color, and concerns itself with the Holy Sepulchre and Palestine. Sometimes it expresses itself as a claim to the protection of all Orthodox Christians in Turkey, and again it lapses into prose to discuss the navigation of the Straits.

It resembles those obscure dreams of boyhood which work out their own mythology, and in one way or another guide the innocent and unsuspecting will to the fulfilment of their purpose. The Russian imagination dreamed in noble circles of the possession of Constantinople ever since Peter the Great, and the dream has been the stuff of popular imagination since Dostoevsky and the Slavophiles made it the keystone of their propaganda in the 'seventies of the last century.

Students of Russian thought used to class the Constantinople ambition among the mental furniture of the Slavophiles and the reaction. It was an item, we supposed, in the Byzantine dream. To plant the cross once more on St. Sophia and to wear the purple in New Rome was a natural romantic touch in the picture which sketched a Holy Russia, intensely eastern, profoundly herself, Orthodox, believing, and based on the three pillars of the autocratic throne, the national church and the village commune. No tradition is so sharply defined as this, with its frank opposition to all western liberalism in politics and science, and it had its foreign policy as well as its domestic tendency. We were wrong only in supposing that the Constantinople dream had no place in the Russian liberal outlook. I used to suppose that a Russian liberal was necessarily opposed to this dream, or at least cool towards it, precisely because it belonged to the Byzantine tradition. The possession of Constantinople, one imagined, must necessarily stimulate all the Slavophil tendencies with which it is associated, in religion, literature and politics. The conceptions of autocracy and orthodoxy which have their emotional center in Byzantium would become more vivid and more domineering if the dream were realized. Bismarck may have had something of the kind in his head when he told Crispi that he hoped the Russians would go to Constantinople, because that imperial city had always managed to corrupt its conquerors.

Events have shown that this forecast was ingeniously wrong. The Russian liberals are to-day as deeply absorbed in the Constantinople dream as the most reactionary of the Slavophiles. I have had this week an opportunity of discussing the future of Turkey with a member of the Russian Duma who is at once by far the ablest of the liberal leaders, and one of the first authorities in Europe on the affairs of Turkey and the Balkans. Our acquaintance is of several years' standing; we have travelled together in the East, and our talk was therefore

frank, and unreserved. The vague objection which I had anticipated to an imperial-Byzantine dream had no meaning for him. It is, indeed, the present fashion in Russia to trace all reaction not to the native Slavophil tendency, but to alien German influences. The problem of Constantinople presents itself to the Russian mind, however liberal and however advanced, simply in the form of the dilemma, that Constantinople must be either Russian or German. Starting from that premise, the war is reduced to a certain simplicity of issue. That side will have won which holds the city and the Straits, and while the will to victory lasts, there will be no ear for compromises. I gathered from my friend's manner that suggestions of an international solution which would assure to Russian warships as to Russian merchantmen the full use of the Straits were regarded as unbecoming in an ally. They provoked the retort that any "scrap of paper" would be torn up in wartime, and when I replied that the Entente was fighting, as I supposed, to establish the sanctity of "scraps of paper" and to make an end of war, the answer was a genial but sceptical smile.

Russia is bent on securing for herself "the freedom" of these Straits, and she will trust that freedom only to the guardianship of her own guns. This mood is partly the natural outcome of the war temper. When a nation is pouring out its blood to attain a certain definite object, it dare not for its own peace of mind admit that something attainable by less costly means would serve its turn as well. But this extreme belief in the necessity of a trenchant solution of the Constantinople question had been growing up for some years before the war. The closing of the Straits to the Russian grain fleet during the Turco-Italian and Balkan wars helped to fix Russian attention on this problem. The arrival of General Liman von Sanders and his military mission in the Turkish capital nearly brought the latent conflict to a head some months before the Sarajevo murders. On the eve of the war the famous controversy between Professor Mitrofanoff and Professor Delbrück in the "Preussische Jahrbücher" cast its search-light on the chasm which was opening across Europe. By June, 1914, the "intellectuals" of Prussia and Russia had already declared war on each other to settle the issue of the Straits, and the more the Germans talked of Berlin-Bagdad, the more did the Russians declare that the road to Constantinople lies through Berlin.

It is evident that while this temper lasts, the end of the war is indefinitely far away. Turkey might listen to whispers of a separate peace, but never to proposals of dismemberment. Nor is Constantinople to be won by any campaigns, however brilliant,

in Mesopotamia and Armenia. The opening of the German "corridor" through Serbia and Bulgaria to Constantinople meant that the city can be won only by a European campaign, whether from Saloniki as a base, or by a Russian march across Rumania. The military decision, even in this one theatre, is very distant, and even if we suppose it achieved, its reaction on the general balance in Europe must be limited. Successes in the outlying fields of the war have a bearing on the general balance only when these distant gains can be bartered against enemy successes in Europe. In its present temper the Entente is not inclined to contemplate such exchanges. Our own Dominions declare that nothing will induce them to restore the German colonies which they have occupied. The same thing is true of Japan's little conquest. Russia aims at extending her own frontier, for strategical reasons, to Erzerum. The six Armenian vilayets she proposes to erect as a principality—somewhat sparsely peopled, one fears—under her own suzerainty. Constantinople, with a sufficient stretch of territory on both sides of the Straits, she will annex, and her military party, at variance here with her liberals, asks also for a strip of coast-line along the whole southern shore of the Black Sea, in order to furnish her with land-communications from the Caucasus to Constantinople, and to make the Black Sea definitely a Russian lake. Further, the rich lands of Mesopotamia have been assigned to Great Britain, for in our "Indian dream" it is the road to Bombay; and Syria falls to France. Turkey will acquiesce in a partition which confines her to Asia Minor only when these threatened limbs have actually been torn from her headless trunk. The detachment of the limbs may not be a work of inordinate difficulty, but the severing of the head (in other words the cutting of the Turco-German corridor) ranks among the hardest of all the military tasks in this war.

The program which has resulted from the blending of these two imperial dreams, the British and the Russian, may find itself in opposition before the war is over to the more disinterested purposes which the Entente entertains. If we concentrate our forces on Turkey and if our gains in Turkey cannot be bartered away, it is possible that some part of our program for the settlement of sundry claims of nationality in Europe itself will have to be abandoned. The program itself suggests some uneasy reflections. What, for example, is its bearing on the future liberties of the Balkan states, two of which live by access to the Black Sea? What again will come of our aspirations to set up some assured international machinery in Europe, if our faith is not equal to the strain of internationalizing the Straits? The extension of our own empire by

the acquisition of Mesopotamia will make one argument the more for the permanence of conscription. Every conquest won by force of arms is a foundation for the militarism of the future. Worst of all, to my thinking, is the bearing of this partition of Turkey on the future mood of Germany. Fatally she had been led to see in Turkey her predestined economic sphere. Close that sphere to her, and at the same time annex her colonies and subject her trade to enhanced tariffs, and you beget in her the temper which will drive her first to arm and then to fight, merely that she may live. The satisfaction of these two dreams seems in short to compromise all the more avowable purposes of the war. They promise a program of victory. They proclaim the eclipse of the international ideal.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

The United States in Porto Rico

(II.) Industry

ON July 28, 1898, the American army of occupation landed at Guanica, one of the few harbors in Porto Rico. To-day, not American soldiery but American capital occupies Guanica, and no military rule could be more powerful or more complete. In the center of the occupation is a great chimney, day and night blackening the air with its smoke; while beyond lie the fields of cane, stretching for miles through the long valley; for Guanica is the largest sugar central in Porto Rico, and the second largest in the world.

As you enter the settlement, you come first upon spacious, modern houses, a few of them quite pretentious. Flowers are planted along the road, and there is a Young Men's Christian Association with tennis and squash courts. Presently you reach a little church, and walking past it you at once see that the houses are less roomy, less attractive, but still bright and clean. You are close to the great chimney now, but you walk on and again suddenly find yourself among one-room, barrack-like dwellings, ugly and cheap. Here the street ends and if you are an American you retrace your steps to the first settlement, which is for Americans only. No Porto Rican, however high his position or however proud his family or, for that matter, however white his color, may venture here for any social life. His world is in the next settlement, divided from the first, one notices, by a Christian church, and here he must always remain. Occasionally he receives an accession from the other colony, some American marries a Porto Rican and is sent into the Porto

Rican settlement, but he never crosses the Christian line. The last settlement is for the peons, the laboring class, these, too, set apart by their poverty. One thinks of the South and ante-bellum days.

But it is only in its race discrimination that Guanica reminds one of the past; in its work it is twentieth-century. The great engines, the well equipped laboratory, the swift business methods, all these are very modern. Everyone works at Guanica. The American, fresh with the stored-up energy of the north, sets the pace, and the others must do their best to follow. Night and day the machines crush the sweetness from the cane and the workers guide and watch in the intense heat. A twelve-hour shift for the peon and a long day's work for everyone.

Wages for the skilled workers are high. The Porto Rican clerk is better housed and receives better pay than elsewhere. The American can make about twice as much at Guanica as at home. The salary of the manager was quoted as sixty thousand dollars a year. Everything possible is done to get such men as shall gladden the holders of stock in the United States.

And the peon? He is paid sixty cents for a twelve-hour day. For this he plows the fields, cuts the cane and works in the oppressive heat of the mill. There are other mills where the wage is only forty or fifty cents, paid sometimes in a cheque that is redeemable at a "pluck-me" store. Again, a few centrals work their men for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Guanica's five cents an hour is indeed a princely wage.

Porto Rico is dotted with centrals. Tobacco, coffee and fruit are its other crops; but out of the forty-nine million dollars' worth of merchandise shipped from the island in a year, twenty-seven million dollars' worth is in sugar. This has brought prosperity to a few, but the mass of the workers still live in extreme poverty. Their work is seasonal, and when the cane is cut and the mill ceases to grind, there come months of unemployment. Families of ten and twelve live in one room and a small room at that, with a hammock as the only furniture. A meal eaten at a table is unknown, and indeed the morsel of dried codfish or the spoonful of rice that the housewife can dole out can too quickly be swallowed anywhere. Overworked and undernourished, the peon is described as a poor devil of a fellow, feeble and inefficient.

What are the forces working for his betterment? The government last year voted to appropriate certain unoccupied lands to his use, but little has yet been done regarding their apportionment. Moreover, unless the suggestion of the governor is adopted and the United States government sends federal demonstrators, the land will be unwisely

used. Education of the children helps for tomorrow, but makes no impression on to-day. Is there any power that is striving at once to better conditions?

Before I landed I had heard from Americans of the iniquitous outsiders who had come to the island and had stirred up the working class. When the Porto Rican laborer was left alone he did well enough. Those in the mountains especially were a kindly, docile folk. But agitators, who understood nothing of conditions, were making trouble for the capitalists, who should be allowed to manage their business as they thought best. I found this group of trouble makers in their headquarters at San Juan close to the buildings occupied by the government. They were the Free Federation of the Workingmen of Porto Rico, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

The leader of the Free Federation is Santiago Iglesias, a Spaniard, who came to the West Indies in his youth and who has organized workingmen in Cuba and Porto Rico. When Sampson fired on Morro Castle he was imprisoned there as a dangerous agitator, and the fall of Spanish rule brought him his freedom. An authority on labor conditions, he has appeared a number of times in the United States before congressional committees. A thick-set, powerful man, with an earnest face and an interested manner, he seemed glad to answer my persistent questions.

Absentee landlordism, whether the landlord was an individual or a corporation, was the most fruitful source of the extreme poverty that I had seen. Men in New York, in Madrid, in Paris, expected to live from the return on land that was not especially fertile but must keep them in luxury.

The peon worked for a miserable wage. On the small fruit farms where the owner lived the year round, some element of personal responsibility to the laborer entered, but on the great plantation the manager was responsible to the stockholder. His business was to get good returns on the money invested and when he did that well, he could oppress labor to the fullest extent and receive only praise.

Another cause of the great poverty was unemployment. The work on the island was seasonal, and the number of unemployed appalling. Moreover the island was overpopulated, and with so many hungry mouths at home one man would underbid another to get a miserably paid job.

The remedy was organization. The power of the worker was the only power that could alter conditions. The government might pass laws, but only with the workers back of them would they be enforced. Of course, permanent organization was most difficult. How could one expect a starving man to pay money into a union treasury? But the

organization was there, the men paid when they could, and they showed courage and the power of endurance in their strikes for decent living conditions.

Wages had improved of recent years. The sugar industry had been paying large dividends and the workers had made small gains. But they had not yet secured the recognition of the union, without which agreements with employers were of little value.

I asked Iglesias if he were a socialist, and he answered that he had been a revolutionary socialist, but that in a Latin country, without a class-conscious labor group, socialism was in danger of becoming a plaything of the intellectuals. Organization must come first, and after that political action.

We turned from this to speak of other parts of the West Indies and I voiced my regret at the entrance of the United States into Haiti. I had heard of the wonderful forests, of the fertile land, and of the peasantry owning their homes. However they might be taxed, however great their ignorance, they were a self-respecting, kindly people. And now their lands would be taken from them, their forests would be cut down, corporations would enter and would force the people to work long hours in the tropic heat. They would grow to look as listless as the anemic workers in Porto Rico's centrals.

Iglesias looked at me with a kindly smile. "You can't stop the entrance of capital," he said. "To hope to keep it away is only a dream. It will enter, and all that you say will happen, but always one thing must go with it, the power of organized labor. The capitalist will come, you cannot keep him back; but with him must come, and at once, the other outsider, the labor agitator, who will show the worker his power."

I found this man a strong advocate of American citizenship and of American rule. In this battle, which the worker must wage, the American gave a fairer field than the Porto Rican. The Latin despised labor and the laborer. The American respected work. America permitted a free press, free speech, the right of organization. I interrupted to speak of Calumet and Ludlow, but he shook his head impatiently. I must remember that I knew about Calumet and Ludlow, that I had read in the daily press condemnation of the employers there. The daily press of Porto Rico would never tell the side of the striker. Back of the Americans who ruled to-day were the pioneers who had plowed and sowed and tilled; back of the Porto Rican rulers were men who had never toiled but who had held the mass of the workers in slavery.

I left the Free Federation of Workingmen with a full mind and with freshly kindled patriotism. I

had seen that the American government was efficient. I had now learned that it gave the laborer a chance to battle for industrial freedom. Had not the present governor in his last report spoken of the strikes at the sugar central as "a perfectly natural and proper effort of the workers to participate in the new and unexpected prosperity that had so suddenly come to the industry"? But just then a Porto Rican gentleman passed me, an honored public servant, and I remembered Guanica. Long ago Matthew Arnold pointed out that England had lost Ireland's support not because of her injustice but because of her lack of amiability. It would be a sorry matter if a resentment toward America, comparable to Ireland's resentment toward England, should grow on this island. But one should remember that Guanica does not represent the government, that the government in its relations to its citizens draws no color line. Guanica is a business

corporation that would remain on the island no matter what flag floated over it. If then, a strong government founded on a belief in popular education and freedom of speech can give the peon and his children a chance to rise out of their poverty, who should take concern for the insults to men's sensibilities? Life is not a matter of national etiquette, but of a daily meal eaten at a table in a home where comfort may enter and joy foster each little child.

So I decided, and so I still think, but every now and again two doubts obtrude themselves. Is not national sentiment, among all classes, stronger than economic interest? And was it not sentiment for the United States, the government that took him out of Morro Castle and gave him his freedom, that made the labor leader see so clearly our idealism, but fail to see, as we must if we are honest, that our idealism too often cloaks a lie?

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

Efficiency in Public Business

SUCCESSFUL management depends to no small degree on sound principles of organization. In setting up our political institutions we have attempted the impossible; we have sought to establish a democracy on distrust of the people for the government, and on distrust of the organizers of the government for the people. The result of this underlying fallacy has been to develop a "constitutional weakness" to cure which will require radical treatment.

When we are entirely honest with ourselves, we frankly admit that, as a people, we have not shown capacity for political organization; that we have not shown expertness in the management of our affairs. The reasons are obvious:

Capacity for political organization requires executive leadership; we have been afraid of executive leadership and have gone to great lengths to prevent it.

Capacity for management requires that the executive shall have the power to direct and control the administration; we have withheld this power.

Executive power to direct and control the administration can be safely given only when some one person can be held accountable for its use; we have not provided for solidarity of executive responsibility in management.

Efficient management can be developed only when provision is made for continuity of support of established policies by the people, and in the nature of things continuity of support will not be given to officers who are not trusted; and officers will not be trusted who are not permitted or required to come openly and publicly before the people and their representatives to give an account of their acts and proposals.

As has been said, the fundamental weakness of our political system is this: We have been trying to carry on popular government—a government by public opinion—without providing a means for currently raising and defining political issues. We have assumed that the government is ruled by public opinion without providing the means for having issues settled by the people. We have allowed our whole electoral machinery to be put out of commission, except so far as it could be made to enable selfish-minded persons to gain power and position for a period of years. We have done this through permitting the representative branch of the government to usurp the powers of the executive and neglect its own proper functions.

The primary purpose of a representative body is to make executive leadership responsible for economy and efficiency of management, and make it responsive to the wishes of a voting majority. The simplicity and directness of a procedure which is adapted to enforcing accountability and responsiveness to the will of the people find illustration in the town meeting. In the town meeting where all the people come together it is customary to require those charged with the conduct of business—the executive officers—to come before all the voters and tell them openly and publicly what has been done and what is proposed. This is a first principle on which every effective procedure for popular control rests. Montesquieu saw this clearly and pointed to the necessity of its observance when he said that "in some ancient commonwealths, where public de-

bates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for those exercising executive power to propose and debate with the people—otherwise,” he said, “their resolutions must have been attended with a strange confusion.”

Representative government is the device adopted by a democratic people who are too numerous and widely scattered to come together in a body for the purpose of making inquiries and debating with executives. But the establishment of representative government in place of popular assembly has not done away with the need for the continuation of the town-meeting procedure. The only difference is that a selected number act as the representatives of all. It is for this very reason that the town-meeting procedure needs to be extended to the representative forum. This procedure is necessary to locate responsibility; it is necessary to define issues; it is necessary as a means of enabling issues to reach the people whenever there is a deadlock, or when the executive may doubt whether the controlling body represents public opinion.

In the meeting of a body of representatives there is the same need for having “those who exercise executive power to propose and debate” as in the town meeting. If the executive does not come before the representatives of the people and tell them what has been done and lay before them carefully worked-out plans, “their resolutions,” as in the case of the popular assembly described by Montesquieu, “must be attended with a strange confusion.”

The people are not the only ones interested in the maintenance of this town-meeting principle of control to ensure accountability and responsiveness of the executive. It is quite as necessary to the executive himself, for without it he cannot expect that he will retain the confidence of those on whom he must rely for support; and without the continuing confidence of the people themselves he can obtain no satisfaction from his efforts to serve them. Furthermore, unless the executive may have an opportunity to be present and to participate in discussion in the established forum, he can have no protection against the false accusations and insidious undercurrents of an irresponsible opposition which seeks to use its powers in the legislature for personal and selfish advancement.

Another essential principle has been overlooked in the organization of our government; namely, that it is quite as necessary to make the members of the legislature responsible and responsive to the public will as it is to hold the executive to strict account, and that every member must be required to work openly and publicly. There is quite as much to be feared from the secret combinations and methods in a representative body when exer-

cising control over the purse and determining the conditions that govern matters of current business, as there is from secret combinations and methods employed in the administration. Not having provided against secret combinations and no method having been evolved which will require the business of the government to be conducted in the open, all our procedures have drifted around to a basis such that secret dealing has come to take the place of publicity, and control by those who are in a position to determine the acts of standing committees, commonly known as “boss rule,” has been substituted for popular sovereignty. When matters slated to go through come into the public forum for discussion, the predetermined program is put under party discipline, and “gag” rules are adopted to prevent interference from those who assume to have opposing opinions. An irresponsible board of control is a second barrier to the development of expertness in the conduct of public affairs. We have not only failed to provide for executive leadership but we have also failed to provide for the enforcement of responsiveness and intelligent action in the representative board of control.

A third important principle has been overlooked by us; that in a legislative body the views and acts of a minority are sometimes of even greater importance than the views and acts of the majority. Especially is this true when the majority belong to the same party or, in other words, support the plans and proposals of the executive as a matter of party regularity. In that event the minority are the only members that can be relied on to criticize the administration.

It was in the development of a procedure that would make the critical members—those in the opposition—in Parliament both capable as critics and responsible for their action in opposing the government that Gladstone made his great contribution to representative government. To the end that Parliament might perform the functions which the people might have performed—that is, do what the people might have done if it had been physically possible for them all to come together—long before Gladstone’s time, the executive had been required to come before members when they met, and explain. This was regarded as an essential to the effective operation of the constitutional principle of “control over the purse by the representative body.” And, since the executive knew that he would be required to explain and answer questions and criticisms, a great cabinet office—the treasury—had been developed to prepare and submit accounts, to get together and review plans and estimates before Parliament met. This was done to protect the executive. But when the chancellor or a minister came before Parliament, how could each

member of a body of six or eight hundred men have an independent opinion about the wisdom or unwisdom of the many details of an administrative account or of an administrative program? Unless a procedure could be devised that would make this possible, the executive could not protect his leadership against ignorance and suspicion. Nor could this leadership be protected against the kind of misrepresentation that did not appear in open criticism and debate. It was primarily to protect the executive, but through increasing the critical facilities of opposing members of the representative body, that Gladstone thus enlarged on the procedure of the town meeting.

Concretely this is the procedure that was written into the unwritten constitution of England under Gladstone's leadership. First, a critical staff office—the auditor-general—was created; the auditor-general was made responsible directly to Parliament, and in order to give members a fact basis for independent criticism, he was charged with the duty of scrutinizing, approving or disapproving every transaction and of rendering his report to the representative controlling body. But this staff agency was found not to be enough to enforce responsibility on Parliament for critical review before approval or disapproval, and a second step was taken.

A parliamentary "committee on public accounts" was created to receive the auditor-general's report, the chairman of which committee was taken from the opposition. In other words, the procedure established through Gladstone's leadership was to organize the opposition and put in its hands a most effective independent critical staff agency—one which would be required to scrutinize every transaction and report any fact or condition which developed in the handling of the business that was open to criticism. During the time this procedure of control has been used, England has not only developed great executive leaders but has also been able to make them increasingly responsive and responsible to the people. Contrast of this procedure with American gag rule and with the results of irresponsible, invisible government that has grown up here leaves nothing to be said in favor of our practice.

While with equal truth Senator Root and other leaders in the constitutional convention at Albany pointed to the weakness of our political system and to the popular discontent that has been coincident with failure, they assigned as a primary cause bad organization of the executive branch. They framed their constructive recommendations around executive leadership, but like Governor Hodges and many others who have enlarged on official irresponsibility they left out of the analysis the need for

a simple and effective means for making leadership responsive and responsible—they left out of their plans a procedure which would put the people in control both of the executive and of the representative body chosen to review and approve or disapprove acts and proposals of the executive and vice versa. The nearest approach to this, which has been incorporated in a definite proposal to be submitted for ratification, is the Maryland amendment recently passed by the legislature on recommendation of a commission headed by President Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University; and this proposal if ratified must be supplemented by a complete change in rules of procedure governing legislation before it can be made effective.

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND.

Phyllis the Feminist

OF theories she has enough to bow down a far sturdier frame. So it is no wonder she stands slightly stooped, or walks with rather uncertain, if swift and eager steps. Nor is it a wonder that there are furrows forming in her brow, broad and white under masses and masses of black hair, disposed with a sole view to utility but rebelliously attaining beauty nevertheless. Her eyes are often weary, too. Gray eyes were made to betray the weariness one had intended to conceal. And now I've got so far with her portrait, let me add a nose just a trifle too incurved and a millimeter too short, and lips too full to accord perfectly with the canons of white stone, mobile lips always curving in smiles or quivering with sympathy. Not a beautiful woman, you say. No, not unless you know her. One who knows not the real Phyllis, as only those who wait can know, finds far more beauty in her sister Clio, faultlessly composed of countenance, with not a feature sinning against any high canon. Perfect bows of love are Clio's lips, and how can you, O stranger, know what a tongue they sheathe? It, too, might have the beauty of quick darting flame between white teeth, if you were deaf. But you hear, and so you know it as a barbed dart for your breast, a cat o' nine tails for your back. If there is any homogeneity in human blood, Clio is surely a changeling. She no more resembles Phyllis than the serpent in an Indian cave resembles the jewel it guards. For years now I've been braving the serpent, and her hiss grows no less terrifying. But the jewel grows constantly more precious.

When Clio's lightnings are unloosed upon the male sex, and specifically upon you, in consternation you behold yourself a mere shred of water-logged wreckage tossing upon a sea of fathomless iniquity. All the crimes of male man are dragged before the

bar of judgment out of your shrinking being. You are the primordial brute and bully from whom the shrieking children and trembling women used to flee to the dark recesses in the cave where you were lord, ages and ages ago. You are Bluebeard himself, tiring of wives and slaying them; you are the abominable trafficker in white slaves. Or if you are not, this is only by the grace of God and the terrors of the criminal law. Phyllis knows as well the catalogue of masculine misdoings. She is equally alive to the disabilities still resting upon woman by virtue of man-made laws, man-invented customs. She too is sworn enemy of man, as an institution. But for man in the concrete, aspiring or cynical, crank or dilettante, brute or dandy, the charity of Phyllis is unstinted. He is what he is through circumstance; and all things considered, says Phyllis, it is remarkable how much there is in him still worth salvaging.

What the world needs, according to Phyllis, is not the extirpation of man, but the elevation of woman from her sad state of dependence, material and moral. And since the key to modern life is economics—so many professors have said this that it must be true—Phyllis is vowed to a crusade for the economic independence of women. She would dearly love to conduct a far-flung lecture campaign, but before even the smallest audience she falters and all but faints. So she has chosen what she considers the humbler lot of mere work. She has organized a trade school where the daughters of the poor—and the daughters of the rich, if they like—may gain industrial proficiency and economic independence, and with these that sense of personal freedom and individual responsibility that are supposed to characterize industrial man. It is a good school, too, and it thrives. This is admitted even by me who have watched it through ten years in the pose of a scoffer, and indeed hoping in my secret heart that it would fall through.

Phyllis is an incomparable administrator; there is not one of the problems infesting the volunteer educator's life for which she does not find a satisfactory solution. But she is entirely unconscious of her competence. And she is forever surrounding herself with advisers, prevailing men of imposing bulk and dreadnaught mien, professors, responsible journalists, public-spirited citizens. Ask yourself, how much thought have these formidable fronts ever given to the problem of educating industrially pink, chattering little city misses, hovering in the limbo between the public schools and matrimony? No thought at all, and the canny ones among them pluck their beards and bide their time until Phyllis has set forth the problem and her solution of it. Then they restate her solution in polysyllabic terms that Phyllis must labor painfully to comprehend.

She always does comprehend, and a celestial smile sweeps the perplexity from her face. "Oh Mr. Vished, you have helped me so much! Now I can see just where I have been making my mistakes."

Poor child, she really thinks they have given her something. Those of her advisers who aren't canny emit clouds of advice, each cloudlet sufficient in itself to wreck her undertaking. From these, too, she says she gets great help, and believes it. If all those busy men had not been so generous with their counsel, what in the world would have become of her school, she demands passionately whenever I venture a word of truth about those hollow drums. Why is it that a woman should be so bent on thrusting the credit for what she alone has done upon other persons, utterly undeserving? Why, even I, who openly avow my mortal hostility to the great work, am regularly enumerated among its saviors.

Well, thanks to the advisers, as Phyllis maintains, or in spite of them, as I maintain, the school is a great success, and if you are a feminist from Sweden or Montenegro or Los Angeles, you visit it as a matter of course when you are in New York. Here, as you can see for yourself, girls are gaining a command of the industrial system so that the factory will be an instrument pliable to their hands, not a mill inexorably to crush out their lives. Here they are learning how art can shoot from the industrial stem, otherwise so dry and dead, and how joy may conclude peace with labor. Even I, ingrained scoffer, grow dithyrambic as a sociologist from Helsingfors as I survey this feminist Eden of hopeful striving. How can it be that Phyllis sighs and her kind eyes look so weary?

See this demure little maid with shiny wax curls drawn over her pink ears, listening with clear, steady eyes while Phyllis explains with infinite patience some complicated and fascinating process? Why does the maiden reply so absently, so ineptly? What is she thinking of, behind her expression of serene attention? A "date." Don't think I'm divining this: I am a man and take our little maid at her face value, something by no means negligible. Phyllis told me. And this, too, she told me, though not in these bald terms: Taken by and large, there are no items in the instruction of the school one tenth so interesting to its pupils, or valued one tenth so high, as the formulas for "dates" smuggled into the school in hastily scrawled notes, or transmitted by a few hurried words at a street corner.

Let me not give the impression that Phyllis is in revolt against the fated renewal of the generations. That would be to confuse her way of thought with that of Clio, who looks upon human nature as some-

thing obnoxious, immoral, man-made. No, Phyllis expects her girls to fall in love, and to wed, unless, in the rare instance, they have a vocation for life-long independence. But love should be disinterested, heroic. Now what are the qualities in their lovers these little daughters of Eve most celebrate? "He's got a dad who's awfully rich." "He's got just a fine job, and after we're married I'll never have to do a bit of work in my life." Can it be, asks Phyllis, that economic independence for women is just a leisure-class dream, vain, like other leisure class dreams? This sounds more like one of my ideas than like Phyllis's, does it not? Well, between you and me, I planted it, long ago. Phyllis doesn't remember, nor do I remind her. But the idea grows.

Phyllis has her despairs: it is none the less a great work she is accomplishing. Yet Phyllis is so

human and there are so many others who are not. Therefore I maintain, it is a great waste that she should be immolated even to such a noble ideal. "Well," you demand tartly, "why don't you tell her so?" O perspicuous one, I have, again and again, for ten years, almost. It was at first a mobile campaign, with short, sharp conflicts in which I was always routed. But years ago I settled down to a war of attrition. And now a great change is coming over Phyllis's affairs. Clio is to be married. She has yielded her heart to a millionaire, blameless, bloodless scion of a fierce old rum-drinking, slave-dealing New England house. Thus are the sins of the fathers visited upon the sons even unto the third generation, and nowadays still farther down the line. But I reckon not of the millionaire: Phyllis will be lonely.

J.

The Anglo-French Advance

THE new Anglo-French attack, at the point of meeting of the two armies in the region of the Somme, may be considered in three ways:

I. As a single immense and violent blow, similar to the French attack in Champagne last September, aimed to pierce and curl up the German lines.

II. As the beginning of a sustained offensive movement, like the German operations against Verdun, launched with a view gradually to undermine the morale and destroy by attrition the personnel of the hostile forces.

III. As a huge feint, demonstration in force, or "holding attack" for the purpose of concealing an offensive movement, or relieving pressure, on some other theatre of the war.

The first of these three assumptions is hardly tenable. Violent and sudden blows, what the French call "*attaques brusquées*," are highly unlikely to succeed against such a determined and resourceful enemy as the Germans. Positions prepared previously in the rear of the first line cannot successfully be attacked without both artillery preparation and detailed infantry reconnaissance by battalion patrols. Machine-gun shelters must be found and shelled, and entanglements destroyed. During the battle of Champagne, Allied cavalry was massed behind the line of advance ready to ride through the hole made by the infantry, and in reporting this fact the German official report alluded to their enemies' "entire misconception of

the situation." Since then British correspondents have been allowed to say that there would be no more of that kind of thing, and it appears that the idea of breaking through these countless series of field works by a sudden blow has now at last been definitely given up. A reversion to the process of advance by a series of forward lunges or jumps, according to the German method at Verdun, seems to be generally accepted, and this brings us to our second theory. But before leaving the first assumption, it must be admitted that if the Battle of the Somme is to be considered as the same sort of operation as the Battle of Champagne, then it must be regarded as a complete failure.

The second theory, that this attack is the beginning of a series of short advances intended to continue all summer, appears likely. There is no doubt at all that immense quantities of munitions have been collected behind the Allied lines, and there is much talk of the German loss of the offensive, which they have pretty generally held since the beginning of the war. But no great strategic results, not even such as might accrue to the Germans in the capture of Verdun, are faintly visible. The occupation of a few towns like Péronne is not going to win the war. The campaign would then become one merely of attrition, such as the Germans now claim to be making in their operations around Verdun. I do not think the Battle of the Somme can be considered in quite so circumscribed a way as that.

Besides being a campaign of attrition, of ex-

changing, so far as possible, shells for men, the Battle of the Somme is probably intended to engage closely as many German divisions as possible by feints at one part of the line, demonstrations in force at another, to restrict their freedom of movement, to exhaust their reserves and to obstruct their offensive. It must not be forgotten that all the Allies, the Russians, Italians, French and English, are at last working in coördination with each other.

This was always true, at least after the first few weeks of the war, of the military operations of Germany and Austria on both fronts. In Berlin officers kept saying to me, "You don't understand. There is only one campaign"; and this, coupled with the advantage of interior lines, gave the Central Empires an immense advantage. But now at length the Allies have learnt that in union only lies the promise of success, and attacks upon Péronne and Baranovitchi, in the Pripet marshes, on the Somme and on the Dniester and on the Isonzo, may be considered as separate details of a single plan.

For the Germans have only a certain number of divisions, say 170; the Austrians perhaps 90, and no new units can apparently be any longer formed. Therefore these 260 divisions must be moved as in a "close" combination at chess, pressure relieved at one place, exerted at another, the danger threatened often invisible to the uninstructed eye. And just as the loss of a single pawn, the forced movement of a single piece, may often be the precursor of defeat as viewed by a master of chess, so the loss or forced movement of a few divisions in these close combinations of modern war may often have an effect not understood except by the experts of the staffs.

Reserves engaged in the neighborhood of Péronne may be needed at Riga, near Lutsk at Verdun, near Czernowitz at Goritz. The great general staff of Germany must make decisions quickly, where to withdraw, where to resist, where to counter attack with all forces. They have no time to lose. A mistake may not be remediable. Imagine their feelings when the Crown Prince, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Hindenburg, Linsingen and Prince Leopold report all at the same time, "We are attacked. We can spare no troops. We need more ourselves"; imagine their feelings when asked to help the Austrians at such a time as this! That is one of the dangers and drawbacks of losing the offensive, especially in holding interior lines. For in this war the Allies, while on the defensive, suffered an enormous disadvantage, because they could only with difficulty come to each other's assistance at a given point of danger. On the attack that disadvantage is very largely removed and it is in this light that the

Battle of the Somme must be considered. It is not an operation by itself. It is part of a larger whole.

As to the value of the new British armies on the offensive doubt still remains. Tactically they may still have much to learn. Battalion commanders—the battalion is the fighting unit—may still lose touch with each other as they did at Loos and Neuve Chapelle. Proper coördination of the infantry and artillery arms may still not have been achieved. Staff work may still leave much to be desired.

There is little to say of the British which has not been said before. They have unequalled courage, staying power, equilibrium. Their defensive work has more seriously injured German plans than that of the Russians or of the French. The first Battle of Ypres was one of the most remarkable military achievements in British history, and the German army has not yet recovered from the effects of that check. But offensively they seem to fail to grasp the intricate nature of the task. To effect a coördinated advance against a determined and scientific enemy like the German army, not only every major, captain and lieutenant, not only every sergeant and corporal, but every private of the line must know his duties so that he can do them in his sleep, and think for himself at the same time. That sort of discipline takes much time to acquire. If it must be acquired quickly, fourteen hours work a day, day in and day out, is not too much. It is in this that perhaps the Englishman naturally takes things too easily, and until that thoroughness is acquired, as it has been in the navy through long tradition, no great offensive successes can be won.

It is a fact that the greatest initial successes in the Battle of the Somme have been won, not by the British, but by the French. Perhaps the nature of the terrain or the disposition of the German troops has been chiefly responsible. But it looks as though the British had not quite learned their lesson yet, as though perhaps the newer commands were still too green. Much fighting is, however, still ahead, and the British though slow learners are the surest stayers in the world.

In conclusion it must not be forgotten that too much is not to be expected from operations like the Battle of the Somme. Steady pressure, the tightening of the blockade, exhaustion of reserves, the undermining of morale which comes from the sense of being on the defensive, will beat the Germans yet. The chain, like Lee's, will some time, somewhere snap. Whether that will happen on the Somme or on the Dvina, this year or next or later still, no man can prophesy.

GERALD MORGAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Cold Figures on Compulsory Service

SIR: As it is frequently stated, and even admitted by some of the advocates of the scheme, that universal compulsory military service would give us too many men, I would like to present to you the results of a few minutes' study of the 1910 census.

The number of persons twenty years of age is not given in detail, and would be inaccurate anyway, for reasons well known to statisticians. If we take the age-group 20 to 24, inclusive, and divide by five, we get the following results in round numbers: 745,000 natives and 165,000 foreigners, a total of 910,000 males, who in any given year would be liable to service if no deducting were to be made. But since doubtless a very large number of the foreigners would postpone their immigration to a later age if made liable to military service, and since not over two-thirds of the population are believed to be physically fit for service, 600,000 would be a liberal estimate of the number eligible. The number of men under arms at any one time would depend on the term of service; if the suggestion by Mr. Wilcox in the NEW REPUBLIC of July 1st be adopted we would have 450,000 serving nine months, besides what professional soldiers were needed for instruction and colonial service. The navy must also come out of this number, again excepting a nucleus for instruction and maintenance. The administration has declared that the country needs from 200,000 to 250,000 regulars; 348,000 national guardsmen, and 90,000 in the navy—a total of 638,000 to 688,000. Few informed persons would declare these figures excessive. Yet they would require all the men that could be got by a nine months' term of compulsory service and 200,000 professional soldiers, sailors, and officers in addition. By a curious coincidence this number, 200,000, seems to be just the number we are able to obtain for our army and navy under the voluntary system.

RUFUS S. TUCKER.

Ann Harbor, Michigan.

Mr. von Sternberg Appreciated

SIR: I fear that I must intrude and correct a statement made in your last issue by "H. K. M.," the initials of Mr. Hiram Kelley Moderwell, I take it. In a review headed "Some Russian Music" on pages 258 and 260 Mr. Moderwell makes this statement in regard to Constantin von Sternberg, who edited "Modern Russian Piano Music," one of the volumes under consideration: "But now comes this 'modern Russian' piano music, selected by a man of slight capacity for the work, and neither modern nor Russian."

This is not only unfair, but part of it is unequivocally untrue. Mr. von Sternberg is a Russian; he was born at St. Petersburg (Petrograd) on July 9th, 1852.

Mr. Moderwell has a right to hold the opinion that the gentleman in question has but slight capacity for the work he undertook; but he will find if he looks into the matter carefully that Mr. von Sternberg is one of the best equipped men to do this in America or Europe to-day. He is a really distinguished musician, a man who has won eminence as pianist, composer, and piano pedagogue. He is

the leading piano pedagogue to-day in the large city of Philadelphia, a position which he has maintained for many years. Though less original as a composer than some other contemporaries his works in the larger forms are (and have been) published by the leading music publishers here and abroad. Josef Hoffmann played one of his compositions at his New York recital this season and on his entire concert *tournee*.

As to the music that Mr. von Sternberg chose to put into his "Modern Russian" collection Mr. Moderwell is again wrong when he says that the pieces do not give one a notion of the power and individuality of modern Russian music. They do *not*. I admit it. But they *do* give one a notion of modern Russian piano music, which is neither especially powerful nor individual. The individuality of modern Russian music has not been displayed by its composers for the piano, but by its composers for the ballet, men of the type of Igor Strawinsky, or rather Strawinsky himself, for there are not two in Russia to-day like him. Mr. von Sternberg was not able to create Russian piano composers of especial individuality, even for Mr. Moderwell's benefit, so he chose what there was—and the best of it.

There are all too many persons who believe that because modern Russia has given us a "Petrouchka" and a "Fire-bird" in the ballet form it must of necessity give us (or has given us) a Symphonic Studies or an "Appassionata Sonata" for the piano. Mr. von Sternberg has done his task, in my humble opinion, as well as it can be done. There is really some very respectable music in his collection.

A. WALTER KRAMER.

New York City.

Wilson Another Lincoln?

SIR: I am one of a small minority of your readers, I fear, who though not of the Democratic party approve in the main President Wilson's foreign policy or rather lack of an iron policy. Therefore in perusing General Palmer's "Personal Recollections" I was struck by the following anecdote related by him about Abraham Lincoln. General Palmer speaks of the loud mutterings of the army leaders against Lincoln's administration and of their efforts to defeat his reelection. And, as it is to-day, not a little of the discontent with Lincoln was caused by the personal ambition of these leaders. Fortunately the people generally did not share their sentiment and Lincoln was reelected. With hopes that history will repeat itself, I now produce the conversation which took place between General Palmer and President Lincoln in 1865 at the White House:

"I said: 'Mr. Lincoln, if I had known at Chicago that this great rebellion was to occur, I would not have consented to go to a one-horse town like Springfield, and take a one-horse lawyer, and make him President.'

"Mr. Lincoln pushed the barber from him, turned the chair, and said in an excited manner: 'Neither would I, Palmer. If we had had a great man for the presidency, one who had an inflexible policy and stuck to it, this rebellion would have succeeded, and the Southern Confederacy would have been established. All that I have done is, that I have striven to do my duty to-day, with the hope that when to-morrow comes, I will be ready for it!' " ["Personal Recollections" of John M. Palmer, 1901; p. 225.]

Y. S.

Chicago, Illinois.

Books and Things

OF all ways of reading a novel the worst, I suppose, is to read with the intention of reviewing it. Unless it is a great work of the imagination, or a thriller, you never quite lose sight of your intention. Part of your mind is on what you can find to say about what your author is saying. You fasten on details which are unimportant to the author, and which would be to you if you were not reading to write. The page out of which you can make your own kind of copy acquires an artificial value, and you neglect all the impressions which cannot be defined in your words. Out of the dozen impressions you are capable of receiving you select the two or three you are capable of talking about intelligibly.

Various ambitious plans took shape in my head a few days ago, while I was reading Mr. J. D. Beresford's new novel, "These Lynnekers" (New York: George A. Doran Company: \$1.50 net). When bent upon pleasure I am a slow reader and a passive, who seldom finds out his opinion of a book except by accident, later, long after the reading is over. When reading to review I make a conscientious effort to be brisk-minded, to react sharply, to sit up and take notice. I went at "These Lynnekers" resolved not to use in my review either "life" or "world" or "real," all three of which words it struck me that I had been overworking. I was almost resolved to do a short definition of realism, a little different from other definitions, and then to detach Mr. Beresford's realism from its background, to bring it forward and show its three dimensions and its particular tints. One paragraph was to begin like this: "Mr. Arnold Bennett's belief that everyday life is endlessly and always exciting is in danger of getting petrified into a dogma. One reads 'Hilda Lessways,' for example, in a condition of nervousness lest Hilda shall be unable even to drop her handkerchief on the floor without savoring the wildness of reality." Quite unavailing did I fire the starter's pistol: The paragraph would not get off its marks. Just as well, perhaps, especially as this beginning contained two of the words I had determined to avoid.

Here is a third paragraph of that unwritable review: "Nothing is easier for a novelist, provided he does not understand his business, than to copy or exaggerate the realist's gestures without getting the realist's result. In vain does such a novelist choose his events for their drabness and his settings for their familiarity, or exclude with the last rigor from his dialogue all that a stenographer or a phonograph could not have put there. In vain does he study his men and women from living specimens of the various average. The end of all his labor is our incredulity. Lacking talent and craftsmanship, he fails to achieve that wonderful credible texture for which infinite pains are necessary and inadequate."

Having described in these words what Mr. Beresford is not, the transition to what he is would come of itself: "Mr. Beresford has mastered the difficult art of making us believe in the probable and realize the everyday. While showing us places as unfamiliar as London boarding-houses, characters as unfamiliar as rural minor canons, he manages to give us an acute pleasure of recognition. When we lay down his book we are confident that we can match its colors from our own experience, if we are a little sensible in picking the proper counter in the proper shop, and we are right. Few living novelists are better than Mr. Beresford at life-imitation."

You can see why all this would never do in a real book

review. Scarcely a word of it that would not apply quite as accurately to some realist who was not Mr. Beresford. I struck a more promising lead when I asked which was more difficult for a novelist—to make the probable seem probable? or to make improbable seem probable? In the days of Oedipus any oracle had authority. But if Oedipus was to realize how terribly his special case was involved in the threat he heard at Delphi, his own past must be revealed to him suddenly as the exactest preparation for the fulfilment of just this threat. He tells in the first act of Hofmannsthal's "Oedipus und die Sphinx" how this revelation was made, and we realize as never before how at Delphi, in old days, a man might easily be shaken by a vision of his lurking wishes brought to light and fulfilled. Was Hofmannsthal's feat more difficult or less than Mr. Beresford's cumulative success in compelling every-day things to make their own lifelike droning noise? The question was all well enough, barring the fact that I could not give any answer.

Mr. Beresford's estimate of Dickie Lynneker's ability, or perhaps I should say the difference between Mr. Beresford's estimate and my own, sent me up another promising blind alley. The central figure in the Jacob Stahl books was not what is usually called a successful man, and there was something very lifelike in the contrast between the modesty of his success and the undoubted fact of his intelligence. In "These Lynnekers" I was struck by the contrast between Dickie's moderate ability and his immoderate success, and for a while I hoped this contrast had impressed Mr. Beresford, that he would present it to us as a criticism of success. But he did not. He believes in his hero's ability. Suppose White, Weld & Company had a branch bank at Litchfield, Connecticut, took a twenty-two or twenty-three year old clerk out of it and into their New York office, kept him there five years and then offered him a junior partnership, the young man having, you understand, no pull whatever. Something like the English equivalent of this experience happens to Dickie Lynneker, who rejects the offer, choosing instead to become an assistant to the Astronomer Royal. I remain incredulous, convinced that the Dickie Mr. Beresford shows us had just ability enough to become, at the age of thirty-five perhaps, a division superintendent with a future. Here, very obviously, was the place for an aesthetic question. Why is it so much easier to believe that a hero can run a hundred yards in ten seconds than to believe that his brains are superlative? Partly, of course, because he runs no risk of shaking our belief that he is fleet of foot. And partly—but at this point I stuck fast.

Of course I could mention other bad starts, but I have said enough to illustrate the foolishness of reading a book to review it. Now if I had read "These Lynnekers" innocently, and if a friend had asked me what I thought of it, I could have answered unlaboriously. It is as real and as readable as the Jacob Stahl books, I should have told him, the setting is more agreeable and just as amusing, more of the characters are clear, particularly the clergymen, the women are like the Jacob Stahl women, mostly faint or blurred. And there's something new in the new book—an extraordinary talent for doing family tradition and family likeness, and for making Dickie Lynneker both differ from his tribe and also keep a few tribal markings.

As a matter of fact, I did get as far as this in my answer to an inquirer. I should have gone on, too, if he had not said, "Look here, I didn't ask you to review it, did I?" So I merely told him it was able and not exciting and miles ahead of the ordinary novel.

P. L.

An Inquiring Tale of the Great War

The Dark Forest, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

IN this story of the great war we go with the Russians to Galicia. The characters belong to the Red Cross. Two of them are Englishmen; Durward, who purports to tell the story, is a psychologist and analyst. He burrows deeply into the penetralia of persons and things. The obvious scene he does not neglect; he describes it with vigor and imagination; but what is below the surface draws him irresistibly. The soul is the element that he is after; and when the pursuit is for soul the reader needs to be both patient and unexacting. The soul of Russia—how considerable a problem is projected in those few words! Tea, vodka, enigmatical fair women, despair, suicide—this is the interpretation of Russia in some Russian novels lately published here. We recall also from the fevered pages of one of them a roast sucking pig with a sauce of sour cream, devoured gluttonously by a fat physician in piping hot weather. This war tale from an English hand catches something of the dark shade that overspreads many of the Russian philosophic novels. Both Durward and Trenchard, the other Englishman, here have an intense curiosity regarding death. Both of them are mystics, and so is Dr. Nikitin, the giant member of this Red Cross group, who cherishes through many silent and morose hours the memory of the wife of little Vassilievitch, a lady who remained entirely dear to her husband notwithstanding that he knew her affections were divided.

Trenchard was quite unlike the Englishman that we are accustomed to find in novels. He is pictured for us as standing under a murky light in the vast and gloomy railway station at Warsaw in company with the large-eyed and romantic Marie Ivanovna, another of the Red Cross people. The pair had become engaged in Petrograd twenty-four hours previously in a moment when Marie had been betrayed through building for herself a mistaken ideal. Her romantic eye in that enchanted Petrograd moment had deemed poor Trenchard to be an adorable figure. The impression was fatuous, the results were painful. Bathed now in the cold realism of the Warsaw station Trenchard stood revealed for what he outwardly was. He was a weak, a timid figure. In every awkward movement a boyish embarrassment made itself visible. He stammered, he blushed, his hands wandered stiffly and convulsively as they sought to hang in graceful unconcern. Poor devil! Poor Marie! She sought to restore the shattered ideal. She was hurt because it was shattered. In vain the efforts of this conscientious girl. Dr. Semyonov joined the Red Cross group. He was a figure of strength. On the battlefield by his side Marie, who in Trenchard's company knew herself for a coward, walked without a tremor. How should the romantic heart choose? Marie, because absolutely she could not help it, chose the tremorless and reassuring Semyonov. Trenchard's heart protested. He suffered. But he was as faithful as little Vassilievitch. There were still objects to be pursued with interest in the world. Death, that very curious manifestation and transition, was one of them. We have no desire to be flippant, but Trenchard kept one eye upon Marie and the other upon a matter that had always interested him.

There is clear and excellent description in some parts of the chapter upon "the invisible battle." Galicia has been a place sorely disturbed in recent days. On the night before

the invisible battle Durward slept in a peasant kitchen. His mattress was spread on the rough earth. His feet were extended under the huge black oven. Over his head hung a gilt picture of the Virgin and Child. They bowed and smiled in the candlelight. "It was a terrible night," says the story. "On a high pillared bed set into the further wall an old Galician woman, her head bound up in a red handkerchief, knelt all night and prayed aloud. Her daughter crouched against the wall, sleeping perhaps, but nevertheless rocking carelessly a wooden cradle that hung from a black bar in the ceiling. In this cradle lay her son, aged one or two, and once and again he cried for half an hour or so protesting, I suppose, against our invasion. There was a smell in the kitchen of sour bread, mice and bad water. The heat was terrible, but the old lady told us that the grandchild was ill and would certainly die were the window opened. The candle we blew out, but there remained a little burning lamp under the picture of the Virgin immediately over the old lady's bed." Perhaps an invisible battle should not be described with the clearness that marks this introduction. As we come to the battle we find the narrator filled with fancies. He was whispered to by "Something"—with a large first letter. Perhaps the whisperer was a dark green oak that bent down and said: "You're drawing near—you're close—you're almost there. In a moment you will see—you will see—you will see." A "Creature" obtruded itself—a personification of a bomb-shell. The roar of it seemed to lift the narrator far into the sky, hold him there, rock him, then drop him gently. He repeated to himself stupidly, "What? What? What?" The shell destroyed part of a barn. In this battle Durward's feet did not "touch the enchanted ground." He appears to complain of this. The meaning seems to be that he was bothered because he was not killed.

The dark forest was an uncanny place. It had thick leafage but afforded no shade. Trenchard explored it and made horrible acquaintance with the Austrian dead. It embosomed a village that had been smitten with cholera as well as torn by the shells of the contending armies. These matters are described with a realism that does not spare. The mating of Marie and Semyonov was not written in destiny. Trenchard proceeded to the end in his investigations of death. As for his ultimate relations with Marie, it is for the reader to determine the possibilities in the case.

E. D. BEACH.

Utilitarianism

From Bentham to J. S. Mill, by W. L. Davidson. (Home University Library.) New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.

UTILITARIANISM is the most recent of philosophic memories; and it is well that it should have found in Professor Davidson so able and so sympathetic an historian. His book, indeed, is perhaps of more narrative value than of critical importance. He is concerned rather with the delineation of a portrait than the discussion of its meaning. But he writes always with a bright clarity that is pleasing and informative. I know of no small book on his subject that so admirably fulfils its purpose.

It is good that we should have the means of seeing Utilitarianism in its historical perspective. We have been a little too eager to accept the current opinion that its doctrines have lost their efficacy. It is true that the fundamental assumptions of its psychology are now known to be

false. Equally is it undeniable that its political meaning has, in England at least, lost the force it possessed a quarter of a century ago. Its most valuable suggestion has become, in the form of pragmatism, a precious contribution to the intellectual movement of our time. But if it is thus theoretically moribund, its political assumptions are still, for the most part, the main obstacle to wholesale thinking and corporate endeavor. The saying of Sainte-Beuve that he who knows not Port-Royal knows not humanity is eminently true of the group of thinkers who drew their inspiration from Jeremy Bentham. It may be doubted whether any fellowship of men has set out so seriously to envisage the meaning of life. Few have brought to their task the same ability and the same enthusiasm. They were the legislators of the study; and the reforms of half a continent are directly traceable to their influence. They were in a real sense *crusaders*—and they were uniquely impressed with the urgency of their efforts. If their creed has suffered shipwreck in the light of advancing knowledge, it was yet a valuable contribution to the problem it attempted to solve. It may be doubted if any movement has been more distinguished by the sober loftiness of its purpose. It would be disastrous to neglect so vital an attitude.

It would be disastrous for the very good reason that until philosophers have supplied us with a faith as superficially capable of general acceptance, it is hopeless to expect its general replacement. It is true that in the most intimate relations of life its acceptance—as John Stuart Mill was driven to recognize—is now finally impossible. But—to take some obvious instances, your business man is a convinced and frank utilitarian in his own pursuit. The interpretation of the Fourteenth amendment from which we are at last beginning to be won by the imagination and insight of Mr. Brandeis is essentially based upon its tenets. Bentham would not have rejected the economic creed of Mr. Justice Brewer, and James Mill is own brother to Mr. Justice Peckham. It is a transcendental utilitarianism which lies at the root of our problems in international law. Your foreign office considers in a local spirit the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and the Declaration of London becomes branded as political Quixotism.

We do not sufficiently realize that the interpretation of liberty in terms of our common need is only at the outset of its history. To us, the individual—for we have thrown off the shackles of medieval communalism—has become a law unto himself. Our state has been a police-state, and the sense of it as fundamentally the only avenue to a richer life we are only beginning to feel; nor does it yet command the general assent even of thinking men. Everyone feels in himself the reality of that struggle for existence which pursues us like the shadow of some evil dream. It seems natural to base the philosophy of politics upon that gigantic truism. To be obvious is a political merit not easily capable of exaggeration. How easily it is capable of acceptance was shown long ago by Macaulay when he ended a demonstration of utilitarian iniquity by a bombastic reiteration of its principles. Undeniably they do not get the facts; but we have grave reason to consider wherein exactly their successors are to be found.

The truth is that the Utilitarians were anarchists at heart—and that though they would have indignantly repudiated the title. Professor Davidson brings out well, if unconsciously, their dread, in every sphere of life, of corporate effort. The value of working for a common goal they did indeed understand. Poverty, suffering, injustice, they hated as they have been hated by few men. But they unconsciously inherited that stern Puritanism which at-

tributed individual misfortune to individual demerit. They were so convinced—they so convinced others—of the virtues of the competitive process, that they were blind to its logical and inevitable outcome. It is in the opposition to their dogmas that the hope of our future must lie.

For, after all, the philosophy for which they stood is only the Hobbesian state of nature made a little less unkempt by the introduction of machinery and the happy innocence of Chadwick's workhouse. The idea of a life that is one also while it is many, that is unified by its very discreteness—to this they had not attained. No one can read Professor Davidson's book without a vivid sense of the sterility of so segregated an individualism. Man, after all, is a state-building animal, and it is to that conception that our outlook must be adjusted. The effort to attain good in any other fashion mistakes the scale of the world. The fundamental fact of to-day is group-life. The great thinker of tomorrow will be the man who—completing the work of Maitland and Gierke and Saleilles, reinterprets the philosophy of utility in terms of coöperative endeavor.

H. J. L.

Very Long and Sunny

We, by Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.35 net.

IT is Mr. Lee's function to present to the American people the novel idea that inexpressibleness is the root of all evil. This he does in a book of 711 pages which is itself a masterpiece of inexpressibleness. One might have forgiven him if he had called it a journal—it is so palpably composed by sitting down each morning and writing sleekly out one after the other the sentences that happen to have come into Mr. Lee's head—but he has divided it into chapters and given them captions and arranged his work in parts just as if it were a real book. The thin and inexhaustible trickle seems to contain a record of almost everything Mr. Lee thought during the last months of 1915. It is about the war and the We-feeling and Henry Ford and the Ford car and Peace and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Bryan and Gerald Stanley Lee. It is not about anything for very long, but when your vat is copious and the publishers generous and the world so full of a number of things and people will read you, there seems to be no reason why you shouldn't write a book like this.

Extricated from the morass of Mr. Lee's words, his thought is that war, industrial conflict, and all the other social evils are due to failures of publicity. They are our bungling efforts to express truly the truth that is within us. "The War," he says, "is a monument to the supreme failure of the advertising men of all nations to make their nations known to one another and to get their nations to express themselves." "The problem of American business life is the problem of dramatizing capital to labor and of dramatizing labor to capital, so that they will both be able to keep their eyes on each other and keep each other straight, and have a rockbed basis for honest loyal team work." "America can only be true to herself and fulfill her temperament and destiny and take her place among the nations by advertising among the nations her soul as she has advertised her motor cars, her pianolas, her harvesting machines, locomotives, aeroplanes, phonographs, telephones, and moving pictures."

What that soul of America is or how it shall be advertised Mr. Lee leaves very vague. We must substitute the

We-feeling for the I and the You-feeling, we must all be human and trustful about our work, we must imitate Mr. Ford's inspired liberality rather than Mr. Carnegie's Santa-Clausism. But the book is a much better advertisement for Mr. Ford and his car than it is for the We-feeling in America. Indeed, concerning Mr. Ford it is positively succulent. Mr. Lee's Utopia seems to be Main Street, Northampton, on Sunday afternoon, with one Ford car after another rolling by brimming over with the happy faces of children, the sun and skies beaming down an indomitable optimism on us all. In the distance would be seen the factory with the "inspired millionaire" paying humanity five dollars a day, as convict and saint together, in loyal cheer, turned out the ceaseless stream of cars to bear humanity on its endless joy-ride. Peace would come not by building façades on peace temples but through inspired advertisers making the peoples stop, look and listen.

The people Mr. Lee does not like are Mr. Carnegie, Bernard Shaw and Mr. Roosevelt. His hatred of Mr. Carnegie is a little hard to understand, for nobody reproduces more beautifully than Mr. Lee in his own style the unctuous jollity of America's Santa Claus. Mr. Lee reeks of benevolence, and his hatred must be founded on a secret rivalry in patronizing America, rather than a real spiritual antithesis. But for Mr. Lee's hatred of Shaw there is no excuse. The thing is laughable. You may think of Shaw as you think of the devil—Mr. Lee says the devil even trims his beard like Shaw—but to pitch into Shaw after you have been praising advertising for over 600 pages is to make yourself a joke. If Shaw is not the very prophet-publicity-agent who is Mr. Lee's modern hero, let Mr. Lee tell us who is. But Shaw scared Mr. Lee very badly with his "Commonsense About the War," and all Mr. Lee could think of to do was to run away and call him bad names over his shoulder. He calls him "a man without a God or a country, a mathematical, cosine or triangle sort of person, with a deadly meaningless correctness about him, a poor sterilized, depoeitized unrhythmic logarithmic man—a man who thinks antiseptic thoughts, who has pasteurized emotions, who never gives and takes, never warms or colors with human understanding or with human love," and then throws him into hell with Münsterberg and the other "hyphenates."

Does not this sort of thing make you see Mr. Lee as a finicky, desperately popular yet well groomed literary Billy Sunday? Mr. Lee used to sit on a Massachusetts mountain and write about books and other things. One day he didn't like a toothbrush advertisement that he was inserting in his magazine. So he asked permission to rewrite it. His readers liked the advertisement so much better than the literature that he revised his philosophy of life. He found that most Americans were business men and had business thoughts and business ideals. The profession of advertising was the art of expressing business men's ideas for them. So Mr. Lee came down from his mountain and began lunching with vice-presidents of railroads and directors of corporations and press-agents and factory-supervisors. Mere literature was pallid and remote in comparison with this contact with real men and real things. His heart opened and he embraced the age.

As he says in one of his relapses to ancient literary fervor, "The man who picks up a lady's handkerchief or a flower that she has dropped and who hides it or carries it around with him for days as a presence, as a smile, as a voice, has in him the spiritual secret out of which Wordsworth wrote his Ode to Immortality, out of which any real man does any real thing." Mr. Lee is devoting his life to

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revealing this spiritual secret, this lady's handkerchief which the American publicity man is carrying around with him. Into the nobility of his promise must the American advertiser be teased and coaxed. "We" is the latest of those books in which, the world not having come to Mr. Lee's mountain, Mr. Lee goes down and slaps the world on the back. His heart is with dear old blundering, good-hearted inexpressive America. He does not want it to get ahead any faster expressively than he does. He hates Shaw because, suddenly confronted with the incomparable incarnation of his own theory, he recoils and screams, "Not like that!" And this is why he scolds Mr. Roosevelt so good-humoredly. "The Colonel," he says, "calls people who do not agree with him cowards and liars because he cannot express himself. It is merely Colonel Roosevelt's unintellectual and inexpressible condition, the whirl of meaningless energy in his mind. All he can express is his colossal state of inexpressibleness. It is this ache or colic of words in Colonel Roosevelt, this distress he has inside, this futility in clearly conveying ideas and finding pleasing art-forms for his feelings, which is always leading him and leading all his currents of thought down into a common fight." Now Mr. Lee, being less pugnacious, liberates his colossal ache of inexpressibleness in whimsical verbosity.

Nothing is more irritating than to see good ideas mishandled. A good book could be made of the idea that a civilization of expressiveness, irony, candor, intelligence, would banish war and all the virus of social conflict. Mr. Lee chooses to smother such an idea in mushiness. He affects the rosy simplicity of outlook, the jocular ease, the desperate good-nature, of the business world.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

A Natural Friendship

With Americans of Past and Present Days, by J. J. Jusserand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

THE French Ambassador to the United States has much enriched and enlarged our sympathies by this book, which reviews the French way of understanding us. He begins with an account of the feelings that brought over the French to help us in 1780 and that seem like forebears of American love of France to-day. As ancestors should, they place us in a fine tradition—that of free devotion to an idea. Americans were fighting for liberty and democracy and the French who came here impelled to give aid by their passion for what Rochambeau called, "that natural liberty which God has conferred on man," did not wish either England's loss or their own gain—they refused Canada as a separate settlement; they wished whole-heartedly American independence. And their idealism seems re-born in many Americans who are now serving in France. For them, too, the fate of a nation not their own seems to involve democracy and freedom.

They had a pleasant literary habit, the young French officers who came over so gayly and so readily with Rochambeau, or earlier as volunteers. They sent home such diaries and journals and sketches that we can still have the experience of their adventure. They are very precise about their sensations and set down details of the crowded ships and of the condition of Yorktown after the siege that remind us how much a dislike for sentimentalizing makes for sympathy with the eighteenth century. Enthusiasm for ideas and, with that, no shirking of actual physical fact, but rather a relish of it, stripped and simple—the combination was theirs and is ours.

The wish for social reconstruction and the consciousness of a new fellowship holds together all their journalism, which is amusingly full too of our manners and customs—our "shake-hand" and our toasts and our tea-drinking and the beauty of our women. The moral consequences of the war they kept aware of in the midst of a destruction and death that could not have seemed small to them. The young Marquis de Saint-Simon, who later in life professed pacificism, wrote of his American campaign: "In itself, war did not interest me, but its object interested me keenly, and I willingly took part in its labors."

They had generous sympathies always, these young *civilisés*, who came over to what they felt to be a crude and undeveloped country. They could put off their fine taste in trappings and enjoy the courage of their unequipped allies. The Baron de Cloisen, a young Aide of Rochambeau, has described the surrender at Yorktown. "Passing between the two armies, the English showed much disdain for the Americans, who so far as dress and appearances went represented the seamy side, many of those poor boys being garbed in linen *habits-vestes*, torn, soiled, a number among them almost shoeless. What does it matter? the man of sense will think."

But the Americans on their side seem also to have tried to meet their strange allies half way and to put off prejudice. "It is difficult to imagine," Abbé Robin declared at the time, "the idea Americans entertained about the French before the war." They considered them "as a kind of light, brittle, queer-shapen mechanisms only busy frizzling their hair and painting their faces, without faith or morals." It went hard with Washington at first to welcome the French, he having read *The Spectator* all his youth. But the Americans showed they could be changed by experience.

They sounded often the same note of amiable surprise and pleasure we have grown used to now-a-days. William Channing wrote to Ezra Stiles, President of Yale University: "The French are a fine body of men, and appear to be well officered. Neither the officers nor men are the effeminate beings we were heretofore taught to believe them. They are as large and likely men as can be produced by any nation."

One feels throughout M. Jusserand's book his pride in the free and sensitive French intelligence, with its fine indifference to the easily classified and its taste for appreciating the special. This intelligence, he points out, made quick response to Lincoln and to the principles of democracy at stake in our Civil War. And it is this intelligence which still believes there is a strong and essential solidarity be-

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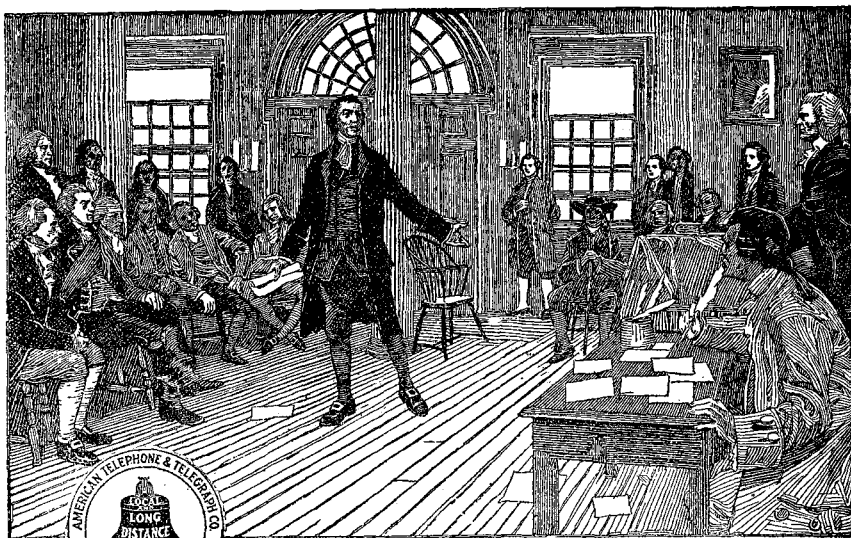
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tween us and France, that each republic has much to gain from the other, nothing to lose, anywhere in the world. The French sense of our solidarity has been expressed often this past year, by the variously distinguished Frenchmen who have come over to be visible and audible as their countrymen were one hundred and thirty-five years ago.

An appeal was made lately throughout the northwestern states for the French orphans of the war, on the ground that they alone can inherit and hand on French civilization. And this appeal gained larger contributions than an earlier one in the name of a more personal pity. It was general in France in 1780, the sense that the world's future was in the making over here. Is it perhaps general in the United States, the fear that much that is finest in democracy would be destroyed with France?

EDITH BORIE.

Doroshevitch

The Way of the Cross, by V. Doroshevitch. With an introduction by Stephen Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

DOROSHEVITCH went out as a journalist from Moscow in the summer of 1915 to meet the tide of refugees sweeping into Russia from Poland and the western provinces. But this book is no journalist's report. It seems rather to have written itself. The images of the fugitives stamped themselves on Doroshevitch's vision, and when he put pen to paper they engraved themselves in words. I doubt whether Doroshevitch even tried to give his impression. His own analysis of the situation in his conclusion is quite detached from the rest; here the journalist has summed up the report he had intended to make.

Doroshevitch is a realist, but his is not the realism of "total recall" which so often fails to give coherent effect. A unified impression is above all what "The Way of the Cross" achieves. One feels the homeless Russians as one body. He says that the refugees come in a river, an endless broadening stream, which grows in size and power till it is a torrent destructive to the channel villages through which it pours, careless of the individuals it sweeps in its currents. The stream is ceaseless and merciless. Any one who steps out of the ranks is lost forever. "My husband's lost, he's lost!" drones a woman. He got left behind in the crowd at a relief point. "A whole day went by, he didn't come. And the next day he didn't come. We've never seen him since. And it's five days now." The peasants do not know where they are or where they are going. "It's like being in a desert—it's dark all around. We can see nothing. It's a desert."

There is always the lack of food. A whole province chants together as it marches. "Me give—me give—me give—me give." And there is not time to cook properly what food they have—half-raw food, then dysentery, "Father, haven't you any stomach drops? The pain's like a knife." Some of the refugees have been rich, and behind their carts are tied instead of spare wheels Viennese chairs. Some start with a whole herd of cattle and many horses. But the animals die and their half-eaten carcasses are left by the dogs beside the road. And then finally comes the awful despair of having to sell the last horse. "I have a horse, and so all the same I remain a man! A human being! But without a horse, what sort of human being should I be?"

Not only the beasts die. Along the roadsides spring up the gleaming white crosses, more each night. The journeyers do not dare stop to bury their dead in the daytime lest they be left behind in the procession. All day they carry the corpses and at night they dig their holes, near the road where people pass so that the dead can be sung and prayed for by the next day's stream of marchers. Doroshevitch likens the new-hewn crosses shining in the forests of Mogilef to the Georgian orders for self-sacrifice and bravery that proud soldiers wear on their uniforms. "They are white, like little Georgian crosses pinned to the much-suffering road."

"The Way of the Cross" tells an extraordinary tale and tells it in an extraordinary manner. Made up of short sentences, short paragraphs of a phrase, interspersed with dashes and exclamation points, the writing has a staccato quality which might be tiresome in any less breathless narrative than this. The sentences and paragraphs move with an almost incredible speed. We have nothing like this writing in English. Doroshevitch, at least as we have him in translation, achieves the effect of not having tried for effect. If he repeats a phrase it is because the incident which the phrase described appeared to him twice and, as the book wrote itself, was set down twice. By these repetitions he gives not only the motion of the river but the monotony and dreariness of it. And the horror, yet without an atom of morbid interest in the horrible for its own sake. And the sadness:

They bury them:

—the best they can,

and go on farther, leaving behind them the sort of graves one only sees in dreams.

On some graves "God's blessing."

Ikons of the Mother of God.

They are ikons:

—of "She who intercedes"

And pitifully she looks out, the Woman of Suffering.

From graves, upon the river of human affliction streaming past.

Stephen Graham calls Doroshevitch a "real Russian and a Christian" and speaks of his "Christian mysticism." One may perhaps doubt whether Mr. Graham does not over-emphasize the mysticism he sees in these imaginative metaphors. It does not seem any more just to stress the religion of Doroshevitch than to see the real point of the book in an occasional ironic exclamation like "Oh, that Russian lack of system!" He sums up in his conclusion the three points that saved Russia from utter calamity—the work of the charitable organizations, the gentle autumn, and above all sobriety, and he deplores Petrograd's preoccupation with politics; yet what really counts is not Doroshevitch's radicalism or his mysticism, but his ability to record in a form that is both document and literature, Russia's "grievous Way of the Cross."

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL.

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